them he would rnake one that -was so right that its value was immeasurable and unforgettable.

It is through the dissatisfaction of a man like Charles Reade that an actress *learns*—that is, if she is not conceited. Conceit is an insuperable obstacle to all progress. On the other hand, it is of little use to take criticism in a slavish spirit and to act on it without understanding it. Charles Reade constantly wrote and said things to rne which were not absolutely just criticism ; but they directed my attention to the true cause of the faults which he found in my performance, and put rne on the way to mending them,

A letter which he wrote me during the run of " The Wandering Heir '* was such a wonderful lesson to me that I am going to quote it almost in full, in the hope that it may be a lesson to other actresses —" happy in this, they are not yet so old but they can learn " ; unhappy in this, that they have never had a Charles Reade to give them a trouncing!

Well, the letter begins with sheer eulogy. Eulogy is nice, but one does not learn anything from it. Had dear Charles Reade stopped after writing " womanly grace, subtlety, delicacy, the variety yet invariable truthfulness of the facial expression, compared with which the faces beside yours are wooden, uniform dolls," he would have done nothing to advsince me in rny art; but this was only the jam in which I was to take the powder!

Here followed more jam—with the first

taste of the powder:

" I prefer you for my Philippa to any other actress, and shall do so still, even if you wU. not, or cannot, throw more •vigour into the lines tkat need it. I do not pretend to be as good a. writer of plays as you are an actress *[how naughty of Mm* /], but I do pretend to be a great judge of acting in general.